

The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.
15 TO 65 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 8.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH..... 30c.

PER YEAR..... \$3.50

Vol. 38..... No. 11,372

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

OFFICE: 15 TO 65 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE: 1267 BROADWAY,

between 31st and 32nd sts., New York.

WORLD HARLEM OFFICE: 125th ST. AND

MADISON AVE.

BROOKLYN: 309 WASHINGTON ST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: LEADER BUILDING, 112

SOUTH 5th ST. WASHINGTON: 610 14TH ST.

The total number of Worlds
printed in September, 1892, was

12,507,295.

The average number of Worlds
printed per day was

416,909.

This average was a net gain
per day over the average for

September, 1891, of

94,988.

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts, or pictures, or whatever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or pictures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Are you ready? Celebrate.

THE WORLD'S own poetry will last longest as his own tribute.

Oct. 26th is to be Democratic Day in New Jersey. Make it a great one.

The poetry that has been written about TAPPAN since his death is enough to make everybody sorry that he is dead.

Quar is getting over his insomnia. Perhaps that personal appeal to come and help out in the cause has led him to dream again.

The city's gain appearance shows that public interest in the Columbus celebration is flagging. This may sound paradoxical, but it's true.

If hop-picking is to be regarded as a violation of temperance pledges, work on cotton-gins should be tabooed on the grounds of evil association.

Visitors to New York next week will not confine their sight-seeing to the regular lines of parade. They will go everywhere. Therefore, let everybody decorate.

There should be no delay in recognizing the Cuzco Government in Venezuela, as there is no knowing how soon it will be overthrown by the next legal government.

The old City Hall has risen to the spirit of the Columbus occasion. In the freshness of its brilliant gala-walk colors nobody would take it for the very oldest inhabitant.

Now FOSTER says there's a surplus in the National Treasury. Why not appropriate a small part of it to decorating the New York Post-Office in honor of the Columbus celebration?

While Gov. McKINLEY was talking protection to Newarkites last night pick-pockets got away with several watches. There was an illustration of the difference between theories and conditions.

POWDERLY says he would expect a million laboring men to march to Seranton and hang him if he refused to vote for WEAVER. Mr. POWDERLY has an erratic gift of expectation. He should give it less rope.

The cholera has almost wholly disappeared from the slums of Europe, but the cholera prophet has broken out with renewed violence and is raging all over the columns of the Times with announcements of calamities to come.

Gov. FLOWER's tour of investigation along "the raging canal" is turned into a sort of a triumphal progress by the citizens along the way. Mr. FLOWER's popularity is in very full bloom just now.

A Baron who married for a fortune now complains that his wife deceived him as to her age and wealth. How much happier the untitled man who marries for love and finds thereafter his bride always young and always worth her weight in pure gold.

Gen. MAYBELL and wife, the lately heralded chiefs of the "Army of Heaven-land," have arrived in New York from San Francisco, and propose to set vigorously about the task of making easy.

body celestially happy. They will use religious persuasion and organized social force, or will fight for felicity if driven to an extremity. Owing to disturbances in the political realm, it is feared that the worthy pair will find, just at present, something of a conflict of local ideas as to just what is needed to establish a heaven on earth.

NEW YORK WANTS THE BEST RATES.

New York expects from the railroads no mere half-way concessions in the matter of special World's Fair rates to and from Chicago. It demands the best rates ever given for any occasion. And its demand is based on considerations of business, right and justice.

This city will receive and send westward nearly the entire bulk of foreign travel called out by the Fair, and nearly all the foreign visitors will also desire to come back this way. In addition, there will be many thousands of travellers from the Eastern States who will take in the sights of New York, either while going to Chicago or while on the way home.

Then there will be still more thousands who will come out of the far West at Fair time, and, having got so far eastward as Chicago, will continue their trip to New York, either to revisit old scenes or to gain new experience.

These are all business considerations, and heavy ones. The railroads cannot afford to lose sight of them. And New York doesn't mean that they shall.

"KISSING THE BOOK."

Although this country cast off the political supremacy of Great Britain more than a hundred years ago, it appears that we are still ruled by British customs which have no use for existing except that the Britons established them in the days when they did not know any better.

One of these survivals came to the fore yesterday in the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, when a citizen objected to kissing the cover of the court Bible, because it was greasy and dirty. His objection was sustained and the majesty of the law compromised on the case by allowing him to kiss a clean inside page.

Is it not about time that sensible Americans should get rid of these foolish forms? No one of any religion believes that "kissing the book" adds to the sanctity of an oath, and the Bible is not honored by being put to use for which it was not intended. The custom has been abolished in the younger States. We should not linger here.

FARMER DUNN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

At this stage of preparation for the Columbian gala week it is proper to remind Farmer DUNN, of the Equitable Building, that upon his shoulders rests a responsibility which, as to its weight, is utterly beyond comparison with the onus thrown upon any officer or committee having to do with the mere details of celebration. This is the responsibility of the weather.

If Mr. DUNN is the wise farmer some people have believed him to be, he has long since this week the proper seeds for a climatic harvest befitting the great occasion of next week. Now let him look to it that no hurricane tares and no early winter thistles shall mar the atmospheric fields. Also, let him be careful about too much irrigation with chilly October rains, and let him see that no building hopes are nipped by a severely premature frost.

Perhaps the farmer doesn't need these words of counsel. It is more than likely that he realizes what things depend on his handling of the weather crops. But even if he feels that these words are superfluous, let him take them kindly as the offerings of a justifiable anxiety. And lastly, let him look out for squalls if he doesn't acquit himself and his Signal Service as he should.

It was kind of a San Francisco reporter to hunt up fugitive train-robbers Evans and SONTAG and assure the detectives, sheriffs, constables, &c., who have been utterly unable to catch a peep at the outlaws, that both modest gentlemen are well and have plenty to eat for the Winter.

In South Carolina yesterday five persons were hanged for murder, including one woman and a girl thirteen years old. There is at least one State where the death penalty, legally administered, has a full opportunity to show what power it may exercise as a preventive of capital crime.

Supt. BYRNES will have a special reception committee out for all the suspicious characters and crooks who appear in New York next week. No sort of good or bad citizens will find the city lacking in point of hospitality on the Columbus occasion.

WORLDLINGS.

The name of the theatrical green-room is said to be derived from the fact that in the old days the drama used to be the custom to strew green rushes on the uncarpeted floor of the actors' retiring-room.

The longest day of the year is of nineteen hours' duration at St. Petersburg, or four hours longer than in New York.

The ruler of the new Cunard liner, the "Campania," is so large a piece of steel that no British firm could forge it, and the order had to be sent to Krupp's works at Essen.

Soundings to the depth of 26,850 feet have been made in the Pacific Ocean near the Ladrone Islands.

A tomahawk once wielded by the Indian Chief Tecumseh is one of the prized possessions of a woman living at West Point, Ky.

Admiring Tribute.

[From Kate Field's Washington.]

Tramp (to Cholly Cheever)—What's the distance to Fifth street?

Cholly—Twenty miles, I think.

Tramp (admiringly)—Kin you talk as that?

History Repeats Itself.

[From the Clock Review.]

She—This is my mother's clock. She wore it at the time I was born, and now the same style prevails again.

He—How interesting. I suppose it will bob up again in about forty years.

The Impression.

[From Judge.]

Englishman—How wonderful what a large number of candidates you have for President.

American—Why—how so?

Englishman—Because upon every banner I see there are different-looking men.

Important.

[From Frank.]

See—Does young Vanderloft amount to anything more than his name?

See—No; but his bills always do.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

Just Like a Woman.

It would be difficult to select the more beautiful of the two women. The one who stood near the door in street dress was a queenly creature and very magnificent indeed; but the other, sitting carelessly upon the divan, the outlines of the figure half hidden, half revealed by a drowsy gown, exhaled in sweetness and grace, says the Detroit Tribune.

The girl on the divan was yawning. "Where are you going, Clara?" she asked, indifferently.

"To call on the young person across the way, you—"

Ah! of impatience flitted across the sweet face of the classically gifted charmer. "Know, do you?"

The radiant beauty paused while she smiled at herself over her shoulder.

"Want to send her any message?"

"The seated lady looked really hurt. "I don't understand," she exclaimed irritably, "how you can call on that horrid, deceitful thing!"

"I think her just as mean," she insisted, "as she can be."

The queenly creature had finished with her hat and was working with her gloves.

"Then you don't care to send her any message?"

The soft shoulders shrugged beneath the Grecian folds.

"Oh, yes, Clara. You may give her my love, if you please."

One Thing He Had to Learn.

"I am an old man," he said slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men have lived as long as I have, for there's mighty little in this world that I oughtn't to know that I don't know, but I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more or less."

"What's that?" interrupted Gamaliel, who is but a beginner, says the Memphis Appeal-Advance.

"Well, my son, it's this: I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at 3 o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his night key in his pocket he can ring the bell and thump the door, and throw pebbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighborhood, and keep on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more before he wakes anybody in the house, but if he gets there at the same time, and has his night key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as still as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as the dew falls, and creeps upstairs in his sock feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning everybody in the house is asking him, what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and if he must come in, then why doesn't he make less racket and not disturb the whole country."

The old man in an excess of emotion gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

"That's what I don't know, young man, he went on, "and I'd like to live until you have lived as long as I have to see if you can find out, but I don't really believe you ever will."

"I'll try," briefly remarked Gamaliel, and the two who know Gamaliel have a sublime confidence that he has made a noble beginning.

The Exact Time.

Pompey is a bright negro boy employed to do light work and run errands in a boarding-house. He has learned a good many things in the course of his eight years of life, but the art of reading a clock face is not as yet completely under his control, says Youth's Companion.

The expedients to which he resorts to conceal his ignorance on this and other points are many and amusing.

"What time is it, Pompey?" asked a young man into whose room the boy had brought a hotful of coal and who had not yet got out of bed.

Pompey studied the clock face anxiously for some seconds and then said in an ingenuously tone:

"It's one o'clock times dat. I can't jes' precisely make out what time it is, Mist' Wilkins, sah. But one ob de hands is p'intin' to you, sah, and de under is p'intin' right todes me, sah, an' I reckon you know 'zactly what time dat am."

All Eyes Upon Him.

[From Judge.]

"Your son has a very prominent government position, I hear."

"Yes, it's a regular cynosure."

If you should happen to get a package imperfect from any cause,

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

Take it back and get your money again.

KITCHEN GARDEN SYSTEM.

Miss Huntington to Give an Exhibition of It at the World's Fair.

How Children Are Instructed in This Important Lesson.

At the last meeting of the New York State Board of Lady Managers, arrangements were made for an exhibit of the Kitchen Garden system at the World's Fair, and Miss Emily Huntington, of this city, was appointed to superintend it.

Nineteen years ago a sweet girl graduate presented herself at "The Wilson Mission," 125 St. Marks place, and volunteered "to make herself useful."

Her services were cheerfully accepted, and she was allowed to amuse herself with the children. Nobody expected regular attendance of her. She was too pretty.

Old teachers referred to her as that "dovish creature," and the name suited her. She always wore a dove gray dress, and she used to coo at the children. Her cheeks were pink, her smile was radiant, her voice was soft and her step so light that she could steal away from a child who was telling her "a pretty story," and get back at the end without being missed.

Then the neighborhood of St. Mark's place and Avenue A was overrun with small boys, who were naughty because they didn't know how to be good. They had no place to go in the evening when their papers were sold, and it was too dark to be seen. After supper they collected in the street and "followed the leader."

Every block had a leader, a sort of cock-of-the-wall, who proposed things and saw that they were carried out by his friends. At that time the Mission was about eighteen years old, but that did not prevent the boys from having fun with it. Of course the police officer could have been depended upon to keep the peace and save the window panes, but the idea of the ladies was to make friends, not enemies, of the boys and it occurred to the girls in the dove-gray dress that something could be done.

And something was done.

She got the name of a boy "who led the right street gang," introduced herself, invited him into the mission and proposed a "Boys' Party."

"I will give the party here in this room to-morrow night if you will bring the boys," was the wording of the invitation.

The astonished leader promised to do so, and kept his word.

The next evening forty half-civilized youngsters were at the Day Nursery door before 7 o'clock looking for "the party." They were taken in and an attempt was made to give each guest as much hot coffee as he could drink and as many fresh doughnuts as he had room for in his pockets and under his waistcoat.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

Just Like a Woman.

It would be difficult to select the more beautiful of the two women. The one who stood near the door in street dress was a queenly creature and very magnificent indeed; but the other, sitting carelessly upon the divan, the outlines of the figure half hidden, half revealed by a drowsy gown, exhaled in sweetness and grace, says the Detroit Tribune.

The girl on the divan was yawning. "Where are you going, Clara?" she asked, indifferently.

"To call on the young person across the way, you—"

Ah! of impatience flitted across the sweet face of the classically gifted charmer. "Know, do you?"

The radiant beauty paused while she smiled at herself over her shoulder.

"Want to send her any message?"

"The seated lady looked really hurt. "I don't understand," she exclaimed irritably, "how you can call on that horrid, deceitful thing!"

"I think her just as mean," she insisted, "as she can be."

The queenly creature had finished with her hat and was working with her gloves.

"Then you don't care to send her any message?"

The soft shoulders shrugged beneath the Grecian folds.

"Oh, yes, Clara. You may give her my love, if you please."

One Thing He Had to Learn.

"I am an old man," he said slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men have lived as long as I have, for there's mighty little in this world that I oughtn't to know that I don't know, but I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more or less."

"What's that?" interrupted Gamaliel, who is but a beginner, says the Memphis Appeal-Advance.

"Well, my son, it's this: I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at 3 o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his night key in his pocket he can ring the bell and thump the door, and throw pebbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighborhood, and keep on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more before he wakes anybody in the house, but if he gets there at the same time, and has his night key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as still as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as the dew falls, and creeps upstairs in his sock feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning everybody in the house is asking him, what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and if he must come in, then why doesn't he make less racket and not disturb the whole country."

The old man in an excess of emotion gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

"That's what I don't know, young man, he went on, "and I'd like to live until you have lived as long as I have to see if you can find out, but I don't really believe you ever will."

"I'll try," briefly remarked Gamaliel, and the two who know Gamaliel have a sublime confidence that he has made a noble beginning.

The Exact Time.

Pompey is a bright negro boy employed to do light work and run errands in a boarding-house. He has learned a good many things in the course of his eight years of life, but the art of reading a clock face is not as yet completely under his control, says Youth's Companion.

The expedients to which he resorts to conceal his ignorance on this and other points are many and amusing.

"What time is it, Pompey?" asked a young man into whose room the boy had brought a hotful of coal and who had not yet got out of bed.

Pompey studied the clock face anxiously for some seconds and then said in an ingenuously tone:

"It's one o'clock times dat. I can't jes' precisely make out what time it is, Mist' Wilkins, sah. But one ob de hands is p'intin' to you, sah, and de under is p'intin' right todes me, sah, an' I reckon you know 'zactly what time dat am."

All Eyes Upon Him.

[From Judge.]

"Your son has a very prominent government position, I hear."

"Yes, it's a regular cynosure."

If you should happen to get a package imperfect from any cause,

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

Take it back and get your money again.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

Just Like a Woman.

It would be difficult to select the more beautiful of the two women. The one who stood near the door in street dress was a queenly creature and very magnificent indeed; but the other, sitting carelessly upon the divan, the outlines of the figure half hidden, half revealed by a drowsy gown, exhaled in sweetness and grace, says the Detroit Tribune.

The girl on the divan was yawning. "Where are you going, Clara?" she asked, indifferently.

"To call on the young person across the way, you—"

Ah! of impatience flitted across the sweet face of the classically gifted charmer. "Know, do you?"

The radiant beauty paused while she smiled at herself over her shoulder.

"Want to send her any message?"

"The seated lady looked really hurt. "I don't understand," she exclaimed irritably, "how you can call on that horrid, deceitful thing!"

"I think her just as mean," she insisted, "as she can be."

The queenly creature had finished with her hat and was working with her gloves.

"Then you don't care to send her any message?"

The soft shoulders shrugged beneath the Grecian folds.

"Oh, yes, Clara. You may give her my love, if you please."

One Thing He Had to Learn.

"I am an old man," he said slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men have lived as long as I have, for there's mighty little in this world that I oughtn't to know that I don't know, but I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more or less."

"What's that?" interrupted Gamaliel, who is but a beginner, says the Memphis Appeal-Advance.

"Well, my son, it's this: I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at 3 o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his night key in his pocket he can ring the bell and thump the door, and throw pebbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighborhood, and keep on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more before he wakes anybody in the house, but if he gets there at the same time, and has his night key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as still as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as the dew falls, and creeps upstairs in his sock feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning everybody in the house is asking him, what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and if he must come in, then why doesn't he make less racket and not disturb the whole country."

The old man in an excess of emotion gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

"That's what I don't know, young man, he went on, "and I'd like to live until you have lived as long as I have to see if you can find out, but I don't really believe you ever will."

"I'll try," briefly remarked Gamaliel, and the two who know Gamaliel have a sublime confidence that he has made a noble beginning.

The Exact Time.

Pompey is a bright negro boy employed to do light work and run errands in a boarding-house. He has learned a good many things in the course of his eight years of life, but the art of reading a clock face is not as yet completely under his control, says Youth's Companion.